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1 G. FINNEY, POLICE

MARKE WILL . . MINEOU

COUNTESS OFAMA, the closest friend of the empress of Russia, is a Vassa graduate. If she has introduced into the Russia court Vassar gum-chowing ists, even in the palace of the case.

A CORRESPONDENT SAYS that Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague has in her home near Washington a large piece of Gobelin Tapestry, one of the few in America, that once hung on the walls of King Louis Phillippe's palace. It tells the story of Ulysses in the guise of a woman being entertained at a feast by the queen of some barbario

THE reindeers which the Interior Department proposes to colonize in Alaska will no doubt be gladly welcomed by our Alaskan aborigines. They would probably, however, attach more value to them as an article of food than as speedy and enduring animals, with which to scurry over the snow and ice in sleds, as is the custom of the more northerly Esqui-

Men who profess so much should try do do something, and this is why the Chicago News says "the inventors and builders of air ships are now occupying columns at a time telling what wonderful changes they are go ing to effect in the way of transports tion. All of it is exceedingly alluring, but it is not half as convincing as it they should demonstrate their claims by doing just a little bit of flying."

A society has been formed in England to abolish capital punishment fo women convicted for murder. Just how it would punish murderesses is not easily to be seen. To condemn them to solitary confinement or to herd them together without the privilege of speaking would be as deadly as the rope, and if herded together with the privilege of speech they would talk each other to death. Really the object of the society seems

England towns "living and fattening upon charity have been reduced to a fine art." It has been discovered that "a considerable number of persons make a regular practice of calling for this relief who do not need it." It is further announced that "the results of this are somewhat unique. Paupers have been found who are making a comfortable income out of boarderswell-to-do beggars who do no work and draw regular rations of fuel, food, clothes, and money."

THE price of farm lands in most sections of the country is now so low that they are a better purchase than city property, which has almost everywhere been boomed far above its actual value. Many cities which are growing rapidly are so heavily in debt that their future is very doubtful. When a man buys farm property he knows exactly what encumbrances are on it, for he places them himself. There is very little township indebted ness, and this is what is turning the thoughts of shrewd capitalists to property in farms as the safest new of-

By success or failure in life it is not meant that every person must reach the maximum of the one or the utter hopelessness of the other. It is not to be expected that every man is to be a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Newton, a Lincoln or an Edison, and if he is not that his life must be set down as a failure. That man is a failure, however, who at the close of the journey finds himself worse off than he was at the start; who has not advanced a little at least beyond the achievements of his father; who has failed to make a decent and comfortable living and to leave something for those who are dependent upon him.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most prolific cause of failure in life is excessive indulgence in drink. Sometimes it is quick in its operations, sometimes slow, but it always gets in its work, sooner or later. Its worst effects come from its use in business hours. The man who indu'ges in liquor at that time of the day is absolutely certain to make his life a failure and to wreck his business, because he clouds his brain and dulls his faculties just at the time when his thinking apparatus should be at its best and allows other men to get aheal of him. Alcohol is the predominating cause of failure in high life and in low life.

PARISIANS are looking forward to an early establishment of a system of long-distance telephone by which they will be able to communicate with their friends in London across the channel. Citizens of the United States under stand that this boon can come to them only by the destruction of the power now wielded by a menopoly which limits the use of the telephone for its own benefit. The time may come when the people will rule in fathers will be extended as well to the use of electricity as formerly they ambraced those mones of intercon-munication at their disposal.

Every product is coincident with a went, and its distribution opportune So certain is the average map of this that he cats his pork without may care as to the supply of hoge, and spre-his butter with no reflection on a p-sible mortality among cows; and p-simple change of crops in Ruesta a stirve the poor of London, and decrease in the pig product of fills have a lighten without his bases.

A QUEER RACE.

CHAPTER XXIL-

see. As fer books, she was simply is his. He would digitalize that years to hat the read digitalize that came to hat the book omething establish novel unto planty of finishest and a plicated plot. When ones she became terested in a story of this sort, she neither sleep nor attend to business she reached the end, and were better compeller who at some a time, venture.

The queen laughed.
"The look of the sky and the force of the

wind!" she said. "Why, when the clouds gather and the wind rises, the storm has begun. These are signs which children may read. What I mean is, that before

any sign is visible, while the heavens are still clear, the sea still calm, something tells me—I know not what; it is a feeling,

"That comes from increase of pressure,

"I don't know how that is. I dare say you are right," she returned, pensively. "But I have exactly the same feeling when

sword falling from the wall and cla

on the floor; and, worse still, it broke off at the hilt. Nothing could be more omin-ous of evil—and then this foreboding, the like of which for intensity I have never ex-

Here she came to an abrupt stop.
"A foreboding of what?" I asked.
I had already discovered that the manders were somewhat superstitious, but I though Mab knew better than to believe

in signs, omens, and presentiments, or at-tach importance to the falling of a sword

"To myself, to the commonwealth, and

"I know not. But I am sure the danger

which threatens me threatens you also.

cannot say. When we return to Fairbaven I will consult Sybil."

sland: the only one to whom it is given to

or the growling of a puma.

"Why to me!"

"Who is Sybil!"

a foreboding—that within a few hours weather will change for the worse."

said. "You are sensitive to atp

my which every over her heal the

"Quite. I looked to that the moment I came on board."

"Good! We are safe, then. The boat will be here in an hour. That will be time enough," and then she took up her book again, and I went once more on deck.

The short twilight had now almost deep-cand into darkness, and I was quite alone, Marian being with her mistress, and Buttercup fast saleep in a corner of the saloou. I lighted another cigar, and was about to resume my solitary walk where I had left it off, when it occurred to me to verify the queen's weather-forecast by glancing at the barometer.

trouble her with affairs of State. When Mr. Thomas, a rather timid old gentleman, secretary to the council, brought her some papers to sign while she was reading "Monte Criste," and did not go away the moment he was bid, she half frightened the poor man to death by threatening to set her puma at him.

We want down to the "Disma" as arranged, by water of course. In addition to the boat's crew and the carpenter, we were accompanied by Marian Lester, one of the queen's maidens, and a youth of the name of Buttercup, who was half page, half errand-boy.

On reaching the ship, I looked over the manifest, on which I had ticked off the

off, when it occurrences by giammers weather-forecast by giammers.

The result was startling. The mercury had fallen several points since Hast looked at it—that is to say, in three hours.

"Gad, she is right!" I thought; "we are in for a storm, and no mistake—a regular ripper! I hope it won't burst before we get back to Fairhaven. The creek is certainly not the open sea, and we are safely moored. All the same, I would rather be dry land for choice."

Ary land for choice."

On reaching the ship, I looked over the manifest, on which I had ticked off the packages already landed, and, in consultation with Mab, decided what others we should take back with us in the boat, and told the men to hoist them out of the hold. Then, while Morris was removing the mirrors, we took a turn round the ship, and made an inspection of the cabins, on the chance of finding anything likely to be useful and worth carrying away; for we did not intend to make another visit to the ship for some time.

In the captain's cabin were a thermometer and a barometer.

"We will have these," I said, looking at them. "This is a self-registering thermoored. All the same, I would rather be on dry land for choice."

I looked round, for, as yet, the darkness was far from being absolute. Myriads of stars studded the sky, and the sea was phosphorescent. The creek shone like a river of moiten gold, and as the tide (thereabouts very strong) ebbed rapidly past, flery wavelets broke on the shore and dashed merrily against the "Diana's" sides. The mountain, its summit pointing toward the Southern Cross, loomed large and silent under the vaulted sky, like some monstrous genie guarding hidden treasure

and sient under the vaulted sky, like some monstrous genie guarding hidden treasure or a giant sentinel keeping watch over the sleeping island that nestled at its base.

Westward, as well as northward and southward, the calm was complete, and anything more superb than the orbgemmed heavens and the shining sea it were impossible to imagine; but out of the mist and beyond the Painted Rocks were beginning to creen eminous shadows—shadows them. "This is a self-registering thermometer, and I want to ascertain the average temperature of Fairhaven; and the barometer may prove very useful. It gives warning of storms. Do you ever have storms?" "Sometimes, and very bad ones. But they don't often take us by surprise. I have nearly always a premonition of them; ginning to creep ominous shadows—ows that swiftly took the form of clo and spreading pall-like over the sky, swal-lowed up the stars and turned the water to "I suppose you can tell by the look of the sky and the direction and force of the

an inky blackness.

It became so dark that I had to grope my way to the binnacle, intent on lighting the lantern, as without something to denote our whereabouts the people who were coming to fetch us off would be unable to coming to fetch us off would be unable to find the ship. There was a peculiar feeling in the atmosphere, too, that made me think it was strongly charged with electricity. My temples throbbed as if they would burst, when I pushed my hand through my hair I could hear it crackle.

I had reached the binnacle, and was feeling about for the lantern, when a ter-

I had reached the binnacle, and was feeling about for the lantern, when a terrific peal of thunder crashed over the mountain, and a long, vivid flash of forked lightning rent the clouds assunder, bringing every object which it illumined into sharpest relief. It did not last the hundredth part of a second, yet I saw everything—the creek, the sea, the tall masts of the "Diana," the very leaves quivering on the trees—and the figure of a man cutting one of the ropes by which the ship was moored to the shore! people are thinking evil against me."
"But that is not possible. Nobody can
think evil against you!" "Yet such a thing has happened, my friend. Fair Island is very beautiful, and its people are happy, but they are not all good. And lately—the last few days—I have had a foreboding. For three nights past, Cato, who, as you know, sleeps always at my chamber door, has growled flercely, as if he scented danger; and this morning I was wakened by Densii Fane's aword falling from the wall and clashing

CHAPTER XXIII.—A TERRIBLE NIGHT. I saw it distinctly—a man hacking at the rope with a long knife; and if his back had not been turned toward me I should have seen his face—possibly recognized him. Yet I could hardly believe my eyes. thought they had deceived me, and tried to persuade myself that I was the victim of an optical illusion. But my doubts were quickly and rudely dispelled. The next t the ship swung round, and the second rope, unable to withstand the strain, or perhaps weakened by the slash of another knife, parted with a report like the shot of a pistol, and the "Diana" was

I ran to the helm without any definite ea of what I should do, for I knew boy helpless we were, and I feared we should be dashed against the opposite side of the creek. It was, perhaps, the best thing that into the bay, we should be past praying for. Just then I heard the sound of hur-

ried footsteps. "What has happened, Mr. Erle? Where are you?" asked a voice which I recognized as that of Oneen Mab. The foreboding weighs heavily on my soul, yet whence it comes or how it is caused I

"At the wheel. Somebody has cut the

"Somebody has cut the ropes? What do you mean? How do you know?

owed by an even more terrific peal of hunder than the first. At the same time

a violent gush of wind, coming down the channel of the creek as through a funnel, drove the ship before it like a straw, and

Mabel was now close by me, holding

ly to be our fate!" she asked, quietly, and with no more fear in her voice than if she

a struggle. It is our duty to live as long as we can. Must we drift helplessly on? Can you think of no expedient? There is

"Of course there is. What an ass I am! Why didn't I think of that before? But I

How will it end? I mean, what is like-

most threw her on her beam-ends

the binnacle.

"Of course t

"When the lightning flashed just now, I w a man cutting the stern-rope."

interpret dreams and foretell events."
"A very useful woman to know. I should Saw you bis face?" like to ask her a few questions about my-self. My own future is decidedly obscure "You have no idea who he was, then?" "Not the least."
"Somebody was thinking evil against us,

at present. Perhaps she could throw a little light on it," I said, with mock gravien, and plotting it. My foreboding has Mr. Erle." You were right, too, about the weather," I answered, evasively. "The barometer has gone down rapidly, and we are going to have a night of it. My God!"

Another blinding flash of lightning, fol-

"It is only when she is in the mood that Sybil can discern the shadow of coming events," returned Mab, coldly, and almost sternly, as if she resented the skepticism which my remark implied. "The prophetic mantic rests not always on her shoulders, But you shall see her and then you can But you shall see her, and then you can judge for yourself. And now let us go on with our inspection."

As we passed through one of the berths

—I think it was poor Bulnois'—I saw a car-

pet-bag in one corner.
"What is here?" I said, opening it. "Books!" exclaimed the queen. "Let us

see what they are." see what they are."
So I carried the bag into the saloon, and emptied on the table at lenst a score of volumes, the greater part of them novels.
"There!" I said, taking up a copy of "The Woman in White." "You have only to begin reading this, and you will forget all about your melaucholy f rebodings, and the supposed dangers which a too active imagination has conjured up."
"Is it very interesting?" she asked, with

sparkling eyes.

sparkling eyes.

"Very."

"I will begin it at once," she said, and suiting the action to the word, she sat down, and opening the vortime, settled herself for a good read, "Let me know when the boat is ready."

An hour later the boat was ready, but so crowded with bales, cases, and one thing and another, that it was evident she could not take us all back at one trip.

On this I went below to the queen, whom I found deep in Wilkle Collins' thrilling romance, and after explaining the difficulty we were in, suggested that she and her personal attendants aboutly so of in the boat, and that two of the men and

more by good luck than address, ther dropped into the sea, and the the few through the hawse-hole in of finne. What with the wind and ship had a good deal of way on d when the anchor took ground, aght to with a shock that shook is lest, dashed the lantern from

We had to find our way aft in the dark—
no cept task, for the force of the wind increased every minute, and the ship heaved
and rolled vicionaly.

"Can we do anything more?" asked Mab,
when we were all in the saloon. She had
lost her hat; her disheveled hair was damp
with apray; her face flushed with expoure
to the storm, her eyes aglow with excitement; and as she stood there near the
swinging-lamp, erect and fearless, she
blocked wondrously handsome.

"The only thing more we can do," I said,
"is to hang a lantern in the mixzen-top, not
that I think it will be of any use. No boat
could live in this sea; but it is well not to

could live in this seat but it is well not to throw away a chance."

"How long do you suppose we shall have o remain here, then?" "That depends on how long the lasts; but at any rate until sunrise."

"In that case I may as well resume my in that case may a well resulte my interrupted noyel. If any change taker place either for the better or worse, Mr. Erie, kindly let me know." And with that ahe sat down and went on with her reading as unconcernedly as if she had been in her own room at Fairhaven.

As for me, I lighted another lantern, and after at least three narrow escapes of fall-ing overboard, succeeded in fixing it se-

after at least three narrow escapes of falling overboard, succeeded in fixing it securely in the missen-top.

This done, I returned to the quarter deck and remained there—I cannot say on the lookout, as there was nothing to be seenfor I had an uneasy feeling that something would happen, and not for the better. The wind continued to blow in gusta so fierce that I was more than once nearly carried over the taffrail. I could not have made my way to the fore-part of the ship to save my way to the fore-part of the ship to save my life; and though the cable was invisi-ble, I knew that the strain on it must be terrific. And the wind did not always come from the same quarter. Several times it veered completely round, the ship veering with it, till at last (being unable to see the compass) I had not the most remote idea in which direction lay the land. This went on some hours, and about midnight (as nearly as I could tell) what I dreaded came to pass—the anchor began to drag. At first I thought I might be mistaken, but when I felt sure that the ship moved I went below and informed Mab.

[To be Continued.] LANCASHIRE LASSES.

They Are the Strongest Female Worker in All Europe,

The Lancashire women, at least, are the rosiest, strongest set of women imaginable—that is, on Sundays and holidays, when repeated washings and scrubbings have removed several lay-ers of coal-dust; and it is notorious, locally, that at pinch most of them are fully equal in physical power to their masculine colleagues, says Cassel's Saturday Journal. At home they are not inferior to any class of women, working or otherwise. Being engaged in the open air all day, they can naturally turn in the evenings with more than ordinary zest to household duties.

In a word, they are thoroughly domesticated. Lastly—and this, after all, is the great point—their demeanor and general conduct are absolutely un mpeachable.

As to the working dress of the pit women, that is certainly peculiar, looked at from a conventional stand-

Up to a few years ago they were at-tired like men up to the waist, with buckled clogs on their feet. Above the knees came the end of a peculiarlyfushioned tunic, a composite sort of a garment—half jacket, half dress, with some sacking material tied around the waist as an apron.

A limp bonnet, tied under the chin. or a sort of turban, so arranged as just to show the neatly-plaited bair and the bright earrings, completed the costume, and very odd it looked, especially at a stance, which in this case did lend enhancement to the view. Now out of deference to the feelings

of certain peculiarly sensitive people, the tunic is worn a little longer, so as nearly to hide the masculine the headdress is a little neater, and, in addition, a short jacket is worn.

The dress is certainly not picture

esque, but as a means to an end, as allowing the utmost freedom of motion and obviating accidents, it is beyond all praise.

Nevertheless, the women themselves are conscious of its incongruity, and take the earliest opportunity of chang-ing it for ordinary female attire as soon as they get home from work.

It has happened I ore now that while proceeding to or from work they some of them, been made the subject of attack by somebody with an undue proportion of tongue to brain, but—this may be said with safety never more than once by the same individual.

In addition to possessing a highly vigorous vocabulary they are so hard-ened with exposure to the weather and developed by the nature of their work that they can give a good account of themselves, even though a fight should ensue, and the opponent may have reason to admit. with benefiting humility, the wisdom of Providence i endowing women generally with the will and keeping from them the power

Old Heads and Young Hearts.

were putting an ordinary question.

"Drowning is likely to be our fate. Even if the ship were manned by a full crew, and commanded by a skillful captain, we should be in great danger; and there is only one man on board, and he no seaman." "Now, Samuel," said his doting mother. 'you are going to see one o' the nicest girls to-night that ever came to this town, and I want you to make "If it is God's will for us to perish, so be "It is G:xi's will for us to perish, so be
it. He knows best, and we can die but
once. We cannot escape our destiny."

This answer, spoken with measured
gravity, surprised me exceedingly. Never
before had I hearl Mab mention religion.
I had thought her practically a pagan,
though she did go to church sometimes.

"We cannot escape our destiny." she repeated. "Still, I like not to yield without
a struggle. It is our duty to live as long a good impression. Now, the way to do that is to show appreciation. As some one says, 'Be a good listener. Now, don't you forget it." "I won't mother," answered the dutiful Samuel.

At another house, the one to which amuel's feet were tending, a loving annt was saying to her visiting niece "Now, if Sam comes don't you rattle on as if you hadn't any brains. Just you keep quiet and let him do thetalk-log. He'll like you all the better for it."

old you I was no seamon. Yes, we will at go the anchor—if we can—and put a ght in the miszon-top, and then, when the cat comes, it may perhaps be seen, and unaives rescued."

But the idea was much more easily concived than carried out. A light was in-To this day those match-making women can't understand why those two young folks despise each other.

Always Business.

l-natured coachman once say A good-natured coachman once saw a tired looking Jew peddler going a country road and generously offered him a lift. The peddler was not slow to take it up and rode with great pleasure to the market town. There he alighted, and in return for the courtesy offered the coachman the pick of his wares as a gift. He, however, declined the offer.

"Well, then." insisted the enterprising son of Israel, "If you won't take a present don't you want to buy some

present don't you want to buy some

INTEMPERANCE

DR. TALMAGE CALLS IT THE SEC-OND PLAGUE OF NEW YORK.

What Will Happen to the Nation if the Evil in Not Suppressed.—Po-litical Parties and the Churches Scored for their Indifference.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1891 .- Dr. Talmage continued today the series of sermons he commenced last Sunday on the Ten Plagues of New York and Adjacent Cities." The plague which he places second on the list is Intemperance, and on that subject he discoursed this morning in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and this evening in New York. At the close of the service in the New York Academy of Music, Dr. Talmage went over to the Union Square Theatre, where his son, Mr. Frank DeWitt Tulmage, was holding as over-flow meeting, and briefly address the crowded house. The text of the Doc tor's sermon was taken from Genesis 9. 20-21: "Noah planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine and was drunken."

This Nosh did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark-the deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, nistory of the world when, to say the least history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriation, having entered the world, has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and herole wife, who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk, and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even David got him drunk, and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops needed to be charged to be sober and not given to too much wine, and so familiar were people of Bible be sober and not given to too much wine, and so familiar were people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate, that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dislocation of worlds says: "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I cal your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunker home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whiskey—by which men mean the whiskey ot pay the tax to governmenttell you all strong drink is crooked Crooked Otard, crooke: Cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whiskey—because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling-clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, awin of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike, Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have nover read, and that has not been have never read, and that has not proved in the courts. That will put in writing would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be shall be theirs, my theirs, my winecup shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs.

in the presence of harpies of hell." It seems to me it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out and-out battle with drunkenness and sobriety, between heaven and hell, tween God and the devil. Take side Take sides be fore there is any further national de-cadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the new home of you aughter goes down under the alco of an embruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote may have any influence in resting the despoliation of this nation. If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject it would not be

very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction. Is drunkenness a state or national evil? Does it belong to the north, or does it beong to the south? Does it belong to the ast, or does it belong to the west? there is not an American river into which suicides have not plunged. What rulned that southern plantation?—every field a fortune, the proprietor and his family once the most affluent supporters of summe watering-places. What threw that Nev watering-places. What threw that New England farm into decay and turned the roseate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of What has smitten ev despair? f every village, town and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong

To prove that this is a national evil l call up two states in opposite directions— Maine and Georgia. Let them testify in regard to this. State of Maine says: is so great an evil up here we have anathematized it as a state." State of Georgia says: "It is so great an evil do here that ninety counties of this state have made the sale of intoxicating drink a criminality." So the word comes up from all parts of the land. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country or the American government will be destroyed. Drunkenness and free institutions are

coming into a death grapple.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insur-ance so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchin of the centuries, and has beycotted and is no boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It annually swindles industry out of a percentage of its earnings. It holds out its collections to the machanic or constitute to the machanic or constitu centage of its earnings. It holds out its solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell, and on his way home at eventide. On Saturday, when the wages are paid, it smatches a large part of the money that might come to the family and sacrifices it among the saloon keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chiosen.

fully estimated that from New York to Chi Oh! how many are waiting to omething cannot be done for the sit of intemperance! Thousands of drur is of drupkers

strile, they fighting against it will and diseased appetite, or and surrendering again, and cryin long, O Lord! how long befor How long, O Lord! how long believes infearous solicitations shall be gone. And how many mothers are waiting to self this national curse cannot lift! Oh! it that the boy who had the honest breat who comes home with breath vitiated o diaguised? What a change! How quick! those habits of early coming home har been exchanged for the ratting of the night-key in the door long after the las watchman has gone by and tried to set that everything was closed up for the night! Oh! what a change for that youn man who we had hoped would do some thing in merchandise, or in artisanship, of in a profession that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkle n a profession that would do honor to the amily name long after mother's wrinkled ands are folded from the last toil! All hat exchanged for startled look when the sor-bell rings, lest something has appened; and the wish that the scarled appened; and the wish that the scarled years ago had been fatal, for them he would have gone directly to the cosom of his Saviour. But alss! poor old soul she has lived to experience what Solomon said: "A foolish son is a heavi-ness to his mother.

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that

boy is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle and that I walked the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good home? Lord, why hast thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this swollen brow is that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temples? I wonder if he uttered a dying prayet? Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? Wake up! Oh! he can't hear me. Dead! dead! dead! 'O absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there anyone here quick enough at figures to estimate him to sleep? Can it be that this swo

ere quick enough at figures to estimat here quick enough at figures to estimate bow many mothers there are waiting for something to be done. Ay, there are many vives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchr at midnight in winter is a king drawing-room compared with that woman ome. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac. I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligates. Cursed be bread-tray and cradle. Cursed

Corsec be oreac-tray and cracic. Curses be couch and chair, and family bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse!" Oh! how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be considered. e done to shake these frosts of the second leath off the orange blossoms! Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil: and if it refuse to do so. God will wipe out the nation as he did Phœnicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon. Ay, he is waiting to see what the Church of God will do. If the Church does not do its work, then he will wipe it out as he did the Church of Ephesus. Church of Thyatira, Church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches today stand side by side with an impotent country more than a billion Jollars a year to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiote and to bury the 75,000 drunkards. Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in ruining youth; but this evil may make the more in-famous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds and souls of the

human race. Share and share alike shall they in the-infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal ing political parties of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil and for the overthrow of this abomination, Resolutions against Mor-monism, against political corruption, about protection against competition with foreign ndustries, but not one word about prote tion of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all-consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put up

on every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest. I look in another direction. The Church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God, transatiantic and cisatiantic, were armed on this subject. But this evil will be arrested. Blucher

came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At four o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the Esglish. Generals Ponsonby and Picton fallen. Sabres broken, flags surrendered, Scots Grays annihilated. Only forty-tw nen left out of the German brigad English army falling back and falling oleon rubbed his hands together, "Aha! aha! we'll teach that back. Napol little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chi out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!" He even ser essages to Paris to say he had won the day. But before sundown Blutcher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo, That name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehensio and mined even that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and hatless, and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and

resume the conflict.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national over-throw is coming, and that it is almost night. But before sundown the Conqueror of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcholism, which has had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzly and cruel breaker of human hearts, crazed with the disas-ter, will be found feeling in valu for the attrup on which to remount its foaming

"Madam," observed the actor to the mother of a yelling infant in the audi-ehoe, "when your child is quite through applauding I will continue to merely feign insanity. At present the pres-sure is entirely too great!"—American

De Fleeter-'So your father he moved to the subur's, eh? Gone to Teneville? I have played at several amateur concerts at Toneville. It's a very musical place." De Reiter—'O, that won't worry him any. He's deaf."—Good News.

"Why, I haven't been able to make a fire in the store here all winter. It seem't draw." Landlord "Gef Then it must have saved about \$50 for you in fuel. In such a case I'm afraid I'll have to raise the reut on you."

AN AZTEC SACRIFICE o of Saragory of sa Extlect San Wor-

Fifty-two years constituted the Axtec lement of thirteen days, intended to make the solar and civil years agree It was believed that the world would come to an end or the last night of a cycle, and that the gods, if merciful, would light their fires on the distant mountains. If the world did not come to an end, the Aztecs congratulated themselves that it would survive another cycle, and the thirteen complementary days were passed with feasts, sacrifices and bacchanula.

In the temple of Huitzilipochtli there was to be a gladiatorial combat, which was nothing less than a sacrifice. The six ministers of the ceremony were at hand. Topiltzin, the chief among them, clad in a crimson vestment with a crown of vari-colored feathers, was performing the duties that preceded a sacrifice to the god and the others, with white robes bordered with black, their faces hideous with somber pigment and mouths painted white, assisted him. A crowdfilled the stone walls of the temple to witness the spectacle, surging with impatience about the temalcatt (or round, stone platform, eight feet high) where the combat was to take place.

The victim, a prisoner of war, is brought in. Armed with only a short spear and shield, he is placed upon the temalcatt, tied by one foot and confronted by an Aztec warrior fully armed. The flat nostrils of the victim are distended, his black eyes burn with desperation; his coarse, black hair straggles about his face, and his thick, purple lips quiver as he views the well armed soldier before him.

At a word they fall to the fray. The spears clash and they fight like demons-the victim with the desperation of certain death, the soldier to uphold his valor among his comrades.

Suddenly realizing how unequal the contest and that his fate is scaled whatever the outcome of that battle, the prisoner throws away his shield and spear and presents his breast to the soldier's weapon. A pause, a blow and the victim falls heavily on the

In a trice the priests, with frenzied shouts and hair streaming about their demoniacal faces, are upon the temalcatt and have borne the dying man to a block of green jasper, on whose convex surface they throw him. This is the sacrificial stone and Topiltzin, who now takes the name of the god to whom he sacrifices, opens the breast of his victim, tears out his heart and offers it, still palpitating, to the sun. Then the bleeding trophy is placed in the hollow mouth of the idol of Huitzilipochtli, and the lips of the statue daubed with blood. The dead man is decapitated and his head deposited in the Tzompatli, an ossuary where the skulls of sucrificed prisoners of war are set into the walls; the soldier claims the body for his own and bears it away for the delectation of himself and his anthropophagical comrades.

The Aztec annals that come down to is are glutted with scenes like this.

The Queerest Chance in the World. Every once in a while some war veteran, under proper circumstances and conditions, will tell you how he escaped death at such a place and such a time by the "queerest chance in the world" says the Philadelphia Inquirer. One of these "queerest chances in the world" fell to the lot of an old-timer who lives in Germantown, and, in truth, it is one of the very queerest. He was about to leave for the seat of war in 1863, and the girl to whom he was engaged, among numerous other things, gave him a chest-protector, made by her own fair hands and wet by her tears. It was meant to be practical, and was of immense thickness, that is, it was padded to the depth of an inch or two. During a long and tedious campaign in chilly weather the soldier found it invaluable as a safe-guard against colds, and wore it almost constantly. He had it on one morning when plunged into the heat of a hand-to-hand skirmish. The affair developed into quite a little battle and soon the straggling fire on both sides had become rattling volleys. When it was over the soldier retired to his tent and removed his coat and shirt in order to stanch the flow of blood from a small flesh wound in his back. In removing the protector he felt a sharp pain shoot through his chest, and then he noticed that the protector was cut all up by the passage of a bullet. An investigation developed an awfully "queer chance." His sweetheart had accidentally left a needle sticking in the pad which he had never noticed before. This ran right through the cloth and a bullet had struck it on the point. The needle had been forced ouck clear through a thick button on

in the protector. Bucker's Shortage.

his woolen undershirt and thence had

gone a little distance into the skin.

The resistance of the button had

forced the soft lead of the bullet clear

round the needle so that the bullet

was fairly impaled on the slendar

wire. Thus was the life of the soldier saved, and through the carelesaness

of his beloved in leaving the needle

Anecdotes of Gen. Spinner have called forth anecdotes of almost all his associates in Washington in war times. Gen. Rucker, who was in charge of forwarding supplies for the army of the Potomac, was almost as much of a character as Gen. Spinner. As long as he kept supplies moving he cared little about his accounts. A treasury official called Gen. Rucker's attention to the fact that he was about \$1,500,000 short. "Take it out of my pay," said the general with great dignity. The treasury official figured that it would take 300 years' pay of the quartermaster-general to make good the deficit, which after all was found to be merely a matter of cook-